

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., MARCH 18, 1887.

NUMBER 22

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-
vance, \$2.00.
One copy, six months, \$1.00.
No subscription taken on time and all papers
stopped when due.
One copy free to any one sending us five
or ten cash subscribers.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. A. YOUNG, M. D. DR. A. GUNN, M. D.
Drs. Young & Gunn,
HOMOEOPATHISTS
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Office Cor. 9th and Main.

A. P. Campbell,
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
OPERATING A SPECIALTY.
Office over M. Frankel & Sons'.

R. R. Bourne,
DENTIST.
Offers His Professional Services to the
Public.
Office Up-Stairs over Bank of Hop-
kinsville, Cor. 8th and Main Sts.
Hopkinsville, - - Ky.

Dr. I. N. VAUGHAN,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—South Main St., One Square
From Phoenix Hotel, Near
Dr. Hill's Office.
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.

Dr. G. E. Medley
DENTIST.
Offers His Professional Services to the
Public.
Office over Kelly's Jewelry Store, No. 1-2
NORTH MAIN STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.

W. M. FUQUA, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.
Office on Court St. Residence on Main.

T. R. BELLAMY,
Job Brick Layer
MANTLE AND GRATE SETTING
A SPECIALTY.
Residence North Main Street.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Jan-ly

BETHEL
Female College.
A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The spring session will open on Monday,
Jan. 18th, 1887, and continue six weeks. Full
catalogue, Terms and references. For catalogue
or information apply to
J. W. RUST,
Hopkinsville

Andrew Hall,
DEALER IN
Granite and Marble
MONUMENTS
AND LIME.
COR. VIRGINIA AND EIGHT
STREETS,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Nov-1-ly

New Barber Shop!
YOUNG & BANKS, PROPS.
E. NINTH ST. NEAR MAIN.
SHAVING, SHAMPOOING,
HAIR-CUTTING
All done in the Latest Fashion, and satisfac-
tion guaranteed. Nothing but clean towels
used.
1-1-87.

Persons Wanting Good and Reliable
FIRE, STORM or ACCIDENT INSURANCE
On easy and liberal terms, will do
well to call on
AUSTIN D. BLOKS
INSURANCE AGENT.
Office over Bank of Hopkinsville.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Look over your supply of job
printing and see if you are not short
of something, if so, bring your order
around and get job that you will be
proud of.

Adventures of Tad; —OR THE— HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PETER ARABLE," "BLOWN OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYTON," ETC.

(Copyrighted, 1886, by D. Lothrop & Co., and
Published by Special Arrangement.)

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"For this and all other mercies the
Lord makes us truly grateful," said
Captain Flagg, reverently, as he took
off his oilskin hat, in which it was
popularly believed he slept while
voyaging over the main.

This was his invariable form of
thanksgiving, as soon as Bixport wharf
was sighted, and with its utterance
Captain Flagg drew into the cabin,
there to throw aside, with his sea-faring
stiff, the weighty responsibilities of the
voyage.

Ten minutes later, as the "Mary J."'
moored the wharf, where half of the
residents of Bixport seemed to have
assembled, Captain Flagg reappeared
on deck in his go-ahead suit, consist-
ing of a tall hat, a crumpled suit of
navy-blue, and low-quartered shoes
highly polished. In a commanding
voice the Captain gave the necessary
orders for bringing the schooner along-
side the wharf. Down came the dingy
sails, and a half-dozen pairs of hands
were employed to catch the lines
thrown from the dock. Enthusiastic
were the greetings extended to the
ship's company, for the quiet of the
little inland village had never been
disturbed by the locomotive's scream
or the sound of a steamer's paddles,
and the arrival of the only sailing
packet between Bixport and Boston
was an event of considerable impor-
tance. There were on board at least
three large boxes of dry goods, a case
of millinery, a hoghead of molasses,
and other groceries in proportion. For
Mr. Jones, the store-keeper; Mr. Allen,
the minister, had a package of books;
Miss Newman, a new harness, and
Deacon Whitney, a mowing-machine,
the first of its kind ever seen in Bixport.

Among those assembled on the
wharf, Tad noticed a boy about his own
age, dressed in a well-worn suit of
tweed. He had curly hair, a pair of
very laughing blue eyes, a turn-up
nose and a freckled face. Most promi-
nent in voice and action was this youth,
who, upon catching sight of Eph, per-
formed a shuffle suggestive of delight,
and in a very audible voice called out:

"Hooray—three cheers for Ephraim Flagg!
First among men, and second among
boys!"

"That's my cousin—Joe Whitney,"
laughed Polly, as Master Joe proceed-
ed in vigorous pantomime to express
unbounded joy at seeing Polly, who
waved her hand in recognition.

CHAPTER VI.
Joe was the first to spring on board;
and it was evident that Joe Whitney
was a youth of considerable vivacity,
as to the least. His slatted Captain
Flagg familiarly on the shoulder, and
into the grinning George Washington
in a most hilarious manner, and, rush-
ing feebly at last, seized upon Bounce
with a shout of jubilation.

"I say, Polly," he exclaimed, "what
a jolly little dog—only you ought have
him nuzzled—he looks savage!"

"There's some boys I know, that
wouldn't be worse if they were muzzled,"
gravely observed Captain Flagg—
rescuing Bounce from the hands of his
nephew, who was preparing to
stand the small dog on his hind legs—
though he tempered the severity of this
hint by a slight internal chuckle, and a
wink of intense merriment.

"Not he that so, Uncle Jeth?" re-
turned Joe, regarding Tad with a look
of seeming apprehension. "He don't
seem like one of that kind," added the
youthful speaker, with affected inno-
cence, as Captain Flagg turned away
to hide a smile.

"Oh, Joe Whitney, you're just as
bad as ever," Polly exclaimed, despair-
ingly; and then, remembering that the
polite usages of society called for a
formal introduction, she added:

"Joe, this is Tad Thorne—I hope
you'll be ever so good friends."
"How are you, Tad?" said Joe, with
a shy twinkle in his eye.

"How are you, Joe?" awkwardly re-
turned Tad, who didn't very well know
what else to say, and, on the whole,
rather fancying the easy, off-hand man-
ner of Polly's cousin. But, then, every
body liked Joe, as a general thing—
even those Bixport people who insisted
that if he were Deacon Whitney's son,
he was the worst boy in the place.

Yet Joe's badness was nothing so
very bad, after all. He was only one
of those restless, fun-loving boys, who
are never so well content as when they
are in mischief; and neither the pro-
testations of his mother, nor the occa-
sional thrashings administered by the
good deacon, had any thing more than
a merely temporary effect.

"Did you come from Boston?" asked
Joe, as Tad, with a home-sick feeling
under his jacket, watched Polly and her
father getting ready to leave the vessel,
for, of course, he expected to have to
stay on board until some different ar-
rangements were made for him.

"No, from Philadelphia," returned
Tad, and Joe began to regard him with
a sort of respect; for Philadelphia, in
the eyes of Bixport people, was one of
the most wonderful cities in the whole
world.

"Come on, Tad; we're all ready,"
called Polly, and Joe assured her that
Tad was not more than a minute in
running below after the little hand-
sack, which he determined not to let
out of his possession, and returning to
the deck.

"Isn't it nice that you're going home
with us?" said Polly, as the little party
of three walked up the wharf, leaving
Joe swarming up the "Mary J."'
rigging, three rattles at a step.

Tad thought it was decidedly nice,
and his smiling face expressed more

than his brief words as, dropping be-
hind Polly and her father, he followed
them at a respectful distance.

"This is Main street," explained
Polly, turning a beaming face upon
him, as, leaving the wharf, they en-
tered the village itself.

"Oh!" said Tad, filled with amaze-
ment, and thinking how funny it all
was—the narrow plank walk, the grass
growing green by the wayside, with
cows—real live cows!—feeding on it!
Tad caught himself wondering what a
country cow would do in a Philadel-
phia street—say Broad street, for ex-
ample! And then, too, every thing
was so quiet. Occasionally a farm-
wagon rolled leisurely by, or an ox-
cart, with a brown-faced man, in shirt-
sleeves, sitting sideways on the cart-
tongue, jolted slowly along. Tad, who
had never seen any oxen before, re-
garded them as a probable new and su-
perior breed of cows.

At little intervals along the street,
great elm and maple trees were grow-
ing—trees whose shade in summer
nearly hid the quaint old houses behind
them from view. Just now their
branches were bare, but the warm
April sun which shone down through
them suggested that so they would
begin to throw out shoot and bud. Al-
ready some bluebirds and a robin or
two were comparing musical notes in
the tree-tops, as they discussed the
shortest passages from the south, or
began laying their plans for spring
housekeeping.

A little further on stood the one
store and post-office combined, then
came the town pump, the school-house,
a small church with a square tower like
a sentry-box, and then—

"Our house," rapturously cried Pol-
ly, and, dropping Bounce, who waddled
along after her as fast as his short
legs would carry him, she darted
through the open gateway and up a
trim gravel walk, and was directly
afterward in folded in the motherly
arms of Mrs. Flagg, who was short and

stout like her husband, and beamed so
genially upon Tad, through a pair of
bees-bowed spectacles, a moment or
two later, that his heart warmed
toward her at once.

"Our house" was a funny little one-
story building with what the Bixport
people call a "ganabill roof," making
it seem to an imaginative person as
though it were slanting its shoulders
with its hands in its pockets. The
windows were small, with tiny panes
of glass, and the front door, painted a
lively peacogreen, had a wonderfully
bright brass knocker in the center of
the upper panel. There was a weather-
beaten barn at the rear, from whose
open doors issued flocks of noisy hens,
while a number of doves "cooed" on
the roof-tiles in the sunshine. The little
back-yard was overgrown with syringa
and blue bushes, and the two or three
dilapidated flower-beds were bordered
with large clamshells.

Tad had a good chance to notice all
this, because the Flagg were some lit-
tle time in getting into the house, as at
every few steps Mrs. Flagg had to stop
and speak of some bit of news, par-
ticularly the same by giving Polly a
hint.

Polly had certain Bostonian experi-
ences to narrate—particularly the one
where Tad and Bounce were prominent,
and even Captain Flagg himself tarried
on the doorstep a moment, to thin-
der by pointed diagram on the
threshold, the whereabouts of the
"Mary J.," when it came on to blow
heavy from the west and the first night
out.

But finally they all got into the din-
ing-room, where Tad seated himself in
a very uncomprehending chair made to
fit into a corner, and sitting on the ex-
treme verge thereof, with his cap-hill
in both hands resting on his knees,
glanced interestedly about him, while
the tongues of the others wagged un-
flinchingly—if I may be allowed the ex-
pression.

He soon made up his mind that the
inside of the little house was as delight-
fully quaint as its exterior. In the first
place, an oak wainscoting ran around
the walls nearly as high as Tad's shoul-
der. All the furniture was black with
age, and of the severest hair-cloth and
mahogany order, for the house, it
had been in being considerably over a
century. In the corner stood a tall,
pale-faced clock, that had monotonous-
ly ticked away a hundred and ten years,
second by second. On the mantle were
some sea-shells, a pair of china vases,
and a small wooden ship, whittled out
by Ephraim K. Small. And beneath the
mantle was a large open fire-place,
where the fire itself leaped up delight-
fully and rubbed its glowing hands
together, with warm smiles that were
reflected in the polished faces of the
brass-headed andirons. Just such a
fire as one likes to sit in front of when
it is snowing and sleeting and blowing
out-of-doors, and listen to tales of ship-
wrecks and storms at sea.

After dinner Polly took Tad out to
make the acquaintance of the pig and
hens, while Mrs. Flagg cleared up the
dishes, during which operation Captain
Flagg, between the whiffs of his pipe,
told her Tad's simple story, and men-
tioned the boy's expressed desire to get
work of some kind in the country.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, with
enthusiasm in her voice and a dith-
ambe in her hand, "now if that don't seem
providential like; Miss Smith ran up
to bring some yeast this morning, and
she was in a peck of trouble. Dan
Crosby—you remember Dan—he want-
ed to go off to sea with you, had some-
mer?"

The Captain intimated by a grunt
that he recollected the youth very well.
"Well, Dan had been working there
for a year," the good lady went on,
"and Miss Smith said she'd noticed he
was getting dreadful sort of uppish
lately, and because she gave him a
talking to for smoking sweet fern cigars
in bed, he told her he wasn't going to
be ordered round by no woman, if he
knewed himself, so he up and left, and
she paying of him two dollars a week
and board!"

"I'd given him something more'n a
talking to," remarked Captain Flagg,
emphatically, as he knocked the ashes
from his pipe and rose to his feet. "I
guess, Mary Jane," he continued, reach-
ing for his hat, "I'll just drift down to
Miss Smith's and see how the land lays
—if she ain't shipped any one, that's
the very place for Tad." With which
remark the Captain rolled out of the
door of the house, leaving Mrs. Flagg
in a deliciously novel and strange as did
Tad himself.

"I never thought the country was so
nice," said Tad, with an expressive
sigh, as the two leaned over the garden
fence and looked down the wide quiet
street. An old-fashioned stage-coach,
drawn by three horses, was rumbling
along in the direction of the one hotel
locally called a "tavern," which
boasted of a room where General La-
fayette had slept. Thrice a week this
antiquated vehicle made the journey
between Bixport and Middleboro—a
flourishing inland town, twenty miles
distant—with the mails and an occa-
sional venturesome passenger. Farther
down, at the end of the thoroughfare,
the masts of the "Mary J." outlined
themselves against the sky, and a
glimpse of Bixport river, on its way to
the ocean, could be seen.

"I suppose you've lived here ever since
you were born," continued Tad, a lit-
tle wistfully. To have been reared in
a peaceful home like this, with the lov-
ing care of parents continually about
one, seemed to him, orphaned
Tad the very highest happiness earth
could afford.

Polly opened her eyes very wide in-
deed.
"Why—don't you know? How fun-
ny!" she exclaimed, turning a wonder-
ing face toward her companion.
As Tad hadn't the slightest concep-
tion of her meaning, he shook his head
in silence.

"Of course, you don't, though,"
said Polly, recollecting herself. "Come
with me," she said, soberly, touching
Tad on the arm; and, curious to know
her meaning, he followed Polly through
the gate, and across the street to what
was locally known as the "moolin-
house lot." Behind the little old
weather-beaten wooden church, on
either side of which stood a row of
cannon-looking poplars, was the village
burying-ground, into which, to Tad's
great wonderment, Polly silently led
the way.

A short distance from the entrance,
a flat, moss-grown tombstone was
raised upon two slight brick elevations
at either end, and on which stood il-
legible letters, were the words:

"Sacred to the memory of
DEBORAH SAYLES,
AGED 25,
—died by 30 illness,
June 25, 1732, A. D. 1734."

Sitting down on the old stone as on
a bench, Polly motioned Tad to a seat
beside her. Just in front of them stood
a plain white marble slab.

"Read it," briefly said Polly, in a
very low tone, as she pointed to the in-
scription.

As by the solemn stillness, only broken
by the breathing of the soft south wind
through the leafless branches overhead,
Tad read, in a subdued voice:

"Here lies
the body of a very beautiful
unknown lady—one of the passengers
on board the ill-fated steamer, "Pomerania"
which was wrecked on the coast of
Nova Scotia, in the great gale of February
24, 1882.
Seventy-one souls were lost.
Floating half all tangled and torn
beautiful head laid low on the sand
Pride all of the arching
Life all out of the marble hands—
On terrible, restless, trembling sea,
How could you have her alone with death?
Clasping her close in a cold embrace
And stealing away the last faint breath!"

CHAPTER VII.
"Mr. Allen, our minister, took view
from a paper, and had his light on
the stone—'Isn't it beautiful?' softly said
Polly.
"Yes, indeed," returned Tad, consid-
erably bewildered, "only I don't see
what it has to do with you."
"Wait! I am going to tell you all
about it," his companion responded.
But she sat for a moment or two with-
out speaking, resting her chin in the
hollow of her small hand, and her dark
eyes looking far off seaward. Through
the hushed stillness, the distant voice
of the ocean came to their ears, sound-
ing soft and low, like the imprisoned
echoes that one hears in a sea-shell.
"It was in the great gale of '62, when
fifteen vessels and a hundred and
twenty men were lost on George's
Banks," said Polly, abruptly. "The
"Pomerania" drove ashore on some
reefs at the mouth of the river, near
where the light-house stands now. A
fisherman came up to Bixport, and
told people about it. Every body—
men, I mean—got down to the point
as soon as they could. There wasn't
any life-boat, and they say the sea was
something awful. But there was a
whaleboat that belonged to George
Hudson, and so Captain Flagg got five
fishermen to go off with him in it,
though nobody thought they could ever
get through the surf line. But they
did, and just managed to reach the
steamer as she was breaking up. The
poor people were in the water crying,
and—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Now Is Your Chance

TO BUY
CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE JOHN T. WRIGHT STOCK

NOW BEING SOLD
At a Fearful Sacrifice!

Notwithstanding the immense rush of trade we have had since we commenced this great sale, the stock is still complete and we still show the most varied assortment of Cutaway and Sack Suits, Coats and Vests and odd Pants for men, also the most elegant line of Boys' and Children's Suits, etc., ever shown in Hopkinsville. The Public knows when Bargains are offered and show their appreciation by crowding the house and laying in their supplies. Remember we recognize

NO COMPETITION
In this great sale, as no house can or will begin to offer goods at our prices. This stock must be sold, so embrace the opportunity and call at once, while the assortment is large and you can find what you want. We are still offering

OVERCOATS
At prices which do not represent the cost of material. Come and buy one for next winter it will pay you.

Late Stand of John T. Wright, Dec'd.,
GLASS' CORNER.

Thorough Business Education.

BRYANT THE LOUISVILLE
STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Cor. Third and Jefferson Sts., Louisville, Ky.
Entrance No. 406 Third St.

BOOK-KEEPING, BANKING, PENMANSHIP,
SHORT-HAND, TELEGRAPHY, AND ENGLISH TRAINING.
For Catalogue Address College as Above.

WELL PAID EMPLOYMENT
Can always be secured by a competent SHORTHAND WRITER.
You may become this in a few months, at very little expense, by either coming to us, or get
ting our instructions to come to you.

WE CAN TEACH YOU BY MAIL.
Send for large, illustrated Catalogue to
H. A. HALE, Principal,
Shorthand Institute, Louisville, Kentucky.
We can also teach you Book-keeping and Penmanship by mail.

Sherwood House.

BISSELL & TOWNSEND, Prop's.
First & Locust Streets, EVANSVILLE, IND.
RATES, \$2 PER DAY.
CONVENIENT SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

WALNUT STREET HOUSE!

COOL, E. J. BLOUNT, Late of Columbus, O., Manager.
BETWEEN SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.
FIRST-CLASS IN ALL APPOINTMENTS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

POPULAR PRICE \$2.00 PER DAY
H. R. PROCTOR, Proprietor.
One of the Best Fitted and Most Conveniently Located Hotels in the City.
June 1-ly.

Clarksville :- Planing :- Mill,

SMITH, CLARK & CO., Prop's.
Contractors and Builders
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, &c.,
Clarksville, - - Tenn.

STANDARD STOVE HOUSE!

I NOW HAVE ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF—
Cook & Heating Stoves, Tinware,
QUEENWARE, GLASSWARE, LIME, CEMENT, FIRE BRICK, ETC.
LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED in Bulk.
All of the above goods will be sold at the lowest prices. I would be pleased to have all my old
friends and customers call around.
D. J. HOOSER,
COR. EIGHT AND MAIN, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Wheeler, Mills & Co.,

Tobacco Warehousemen, Commission Merchants
—AND GRAIN DEALERS,
—Fire-Proof — Warehouse—
HUNSELVILLE AND R. H. STS. HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Liberal Advances on Consignments. All Tobacco Sent is Covered By Insurance
1-14-87.

T. E. HANCOCK. W. I. FRASER. W. E. RAGSDALE.
HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE,
—PROPRIETORS—
Main Street Tobacco Warehouse,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KY.

Special Attention to Sampling and Selling Tobacco.
—LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS—
W. E. RAGSDALE, Salesmen.
dec 14. S. G. BUCKNER, General Agent.

NAT. GAITHER, Manager. J. H. GANT, Salesman.
Gant & Gaither Company.
—PROPRIETORS—
PLANTERS :- WAREHOUSE,
TOBACCO AND WHEAT COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.
J. W. McGAUGHEY, President.
Directors: R. B. Nance, M. D. Boales, E. G. Seibert, T. G. Gaines, M. Lippincott, A. G. Boales.

AUG. G. REICHERT,

—HAMPDEN—
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
—AND DEALER IN—
Pianos and Organs
And All Kinds of Musical Merchandise.
My Goods are the Best!
My Prices the Lowest!
105 SOUTH MAIN STREET,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.

Watches.

T. C. HANBURY. M. F. SHRYER.
HOPKINSVILLE :- WAREHOUSE
Hanbery & Shryer, Prop's.
RAILROAD STREET, Bet. 10th and 11th.

Careful Attention given to sampling and selling all Tob. co. consigned to us
LIBERAL ADVANCES ON TOBACCO IN STORE.
GOOD QUARTERS FOR TEAMS AND TEAMSTERS.
Nov. 12.

Herndon, Hallums & Co.,

(SUCCESSORS TO HERNDON, YOUNG & CO.)
TOBACCO :- SALESMEN,
GRANGE WAREHOUSE,
Clarksville, - - Tennessee.

Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible
farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of
owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders
not to insure.
11-30.